

# The New York Times

## MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

VOLUME 1. NO. 28. PRICE TEN CENTS.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1915.

*Published every week by The New York Times Company, Times Square, New York. Subscription rate, \$1.25 for 3 months, \$5.00 per year.*

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(Photo from Photothek.)

Spreading  
the News of  
Victories in France at  
the German Front in Poland.



# PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR

AS long as our knowledge of soldiers' slang is gained from Kipling and of soldiers' songs from what they sing at home, we are liable to error. The soldiers themselves don't tell us, for the thing is so natural a part of their every-day life that they never think of communicating it, any more than they would think of telling what they had for breakfast. So we go on talking of "rookies" and "bunkies" and think we have bounded the soldiers' slang. Or we hear them singing "Tipperary" as they march through the streets of London, and immediately have in our mind's eye a picture of them singing the same song month after month in the trenches.

Now comes a young soldier, so new to the game that the slang and songs of his comrades strike him with the same freshness and novelty and inspire him with the same curious interest that it would ourselves if we were in camp or trench. And he has recorded from the trenches his impressions and sent them home to England. He studies his comrades with eagerness and delight. They and their ways are a novelty to him which give him more pleasure than going to the theatre would; for he is having an experience.

And first, he records that they "sing and whistle like schoolboys." But he has never heard them sing "Tipperary." Chiefly they sing coon songs. Their favorites are "My Bungalow in Borneo," "The Lily of Laguna," and "The Barber's Ball."

## SOLDIERS' SLANG

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"'Tommy' never speaks of or asks for bread, which in the army is called 'rooti'—borrowed from the Hindu. And gravy is called 'gipoo,' and porridge 'burgoo,' while jam is familiarly dubbed 'possee.' Where all these titles come from I haven't the foggiest notion, but they sound very picturesque in army life and very bewildering to recruits."

When this young private first heard an old soldier complain of the condition of his "daisy roots," he was puzzled until a more experienced friend explained that the peevish one was referring to his boots or his feet—the name applies to both. He was also mystified when he heard a soldier in barracks angrily demanding to know the condition of his "almond rocks." He referred to his socks.

In every regiment, any man named Clark is called "Nobby"—"apres Kipling," adds our young student. "A tall man," he continues, "is dubbed 'Longboat,' and unless I have misplaced the term recruits are

'bogies.' " Let us hope he has misplaced the term. It is hard to give up our long belief in "rookies."

We have already learned that the French name their trenches after the streets and avenues of Paris. The British, perhaps more prosaic, certainly more humorous, have a different system. "The dugouts I was in," he writes, "are entitled 'Mud Lark Alley,' near 'Bunhill Row' and 'Muddy Vale.' The Germans have tried to secure lodgings in these desirable tenements, but the strict rule 'enemy aliens not admitted' is rigidly enforced." It cannot be denied that the British system of naming the trenches is more descriptive and appropriate than the French.

The soldier's mind is not so fully occupied with the war as the serious-minded civilian would suppose. According to an English officer, there is a telephone at headquarters which communicates with the trenches in his neighborhood. The telephone operators spend most of their time, according to him, in sending through the latest football results, and then shouting them down the trench. "Having got these through yesterday," he happily adds, "they condescended to send through the news that we had sunk a German cruiser, and all the other news, but it is always the football first."

## AMITY BETWEEN THE LINES

PROBABLY the stories that come from the trenches have struck some of us as contradictory. Sometimes we hear of men mired in mud, sometimes of fairly comfortable quarters with mud at the minimum. Sometimes we hear of bitter and constant warfare between the contending armies, sometimes of their being on fairly amicable terms. It seems puzzling.

The contradictions disappear, however, if we remember that the front is 500 miles long, and that there must be endless variations in life along such a vast line. When we read of the "Christmas truce," where the enemies fraternized and exchanged tobacco and trinkets, we naturally thought of it as extending all along the front. Yet there were many places where there was no "Christmas truce," and even some where Christmas was signalized by a more unremitting and violent hostility than ever.

Bearing this in mind, we may here put in evidence a set of trenches where the soldiers are on friendly terms and do not shell each other. The reason for the abstinence from shelling is that the trenches are so near together that the gunners might do damage to their own side. "So we are quite comfy," says the officer who tells the story. Of the Germans he says:

"We are on quite good terms with them, and exchange a shot occasionally, just to show that we are still here. Sometimes we

shout across to the Germans. We can easily hear them singing at night, and our men sing ragtime and hymns all day long."

An idyllic kind of warfare. Wonder of how many places along the front this picture is equally true?

At any rate, it isn't a picture of the trenches described by Corporal E. Washer of the Second Scottish Rifles. He says:

"We cook our food in the trenches. As soon as we light a fire and the smoke rises above the trench the Germans begin to fire at it. They know we are cooking and we get lumps of mud knocked in our tea or bacon. We try the same game on them now and then, and I think they are getting tired of it. They started to bail the water out of their trench, but we had a shot at their arms every time they appeared, and they soon stopped, preferring to stand in water to being shot."

There seems a malicious humor in trying to shoot mud into one's coffee or making one stand in water, but even this is far from being the diabolical thing which war certainly is at other parts of the front. And even here there are signs of amiability, for Washer says, "We have conversed with them by means of a blackboard and glasses."

## TOO HOT TO FIGHT

VERY different is the warfare at another part of the world's battlefield, thousands of miles away. In German Southwest Africa the soldiers find it, or did find it a month or so ago, too hot to fight. "It is impossible," says a member of the Transvaal Scottish, "to do anything but lie on your back under shelter of the tent, while the perspiration pours from every pore in your body." The thermometer was 123 in the tents on the day he wrote. He writes:

"Where we are now is in the desert of sand between nowhere and the next place (hope Censor won't erase these places!) When off duty we walk about or lie in our tents without boots, socks, or puttees (the sand though burning hot is soft enough to walk on), and—alternately—without shirts or shorts on. As one can never wash, this change of costume is advisable. I am writing this now with my shorts as my only article of clothing, and am perspiring like a wet sponge with that."

There is plenty of fighting in the Cameroons, however, as one can gather from these grim and significant inventories of clothing from an officer on that African field:

"I told you we were a ragged lot. My boots—I got them off a German who presumably did not need them. They were worn out then, a month ago. My puttees are new, English ones. The poor chap had no further use for them. My belt, a relic of home training, has on it an ammunition pouch—used to belong to poor old Weche; knife—a relic of Essex Yeomanry. My shorts are, of course, very slack. I got a bullet through the lower part, and it left them so very ragged that I have cut them off very short, about the length of a bathing costume."

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## RAW MATERIAL FOR THE CZAR'S GREAT SIBERIAN ARMIES



KIRGHIS TRIBESMEN OF EASTERN SIBERIA.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)

**R**USSIA has even a larger variety of races fighting for her than has Austria-Hungary, although their identity is emphasized neither ethnically nor politically and their allegiance is feudal rather than religious or national. Among the primitive vassals of the Czar one people of 3,000,000 dwelling north of the Caspian Sea is just now of particular interest, for it was their ancestors 1,000 years ago who drove the ancestors of the modern Turks down upon the plains of Asia Minor.

They are the Kirghis, and, like the Scots, there are those of the lowlands and those of the highlands—the Kara-Kirghis, or Black Kirghis, so called because of the color of their tents, and the Kazaks, which means “riders of the steppes,” and from which the name of their more civilized kinsmen, the Cossacks, is derived.

Their racial origin, whether Tartar or Mongol, is unknown, but the origin of their religion is one of the phenomena of ethnological theology. They venerate a sort of pastoral Mohammed and wor-

ship a kindly, charitable Allah, and the precepts they have learned from the Koran are not those of bloodshed, pillage, and revenge. When the Turks descended upon Asia Minor and appropriated the religion of Mohammed as a persuasive and dominating ethical and material force for conquest many refugees bearing Mohammed's original moral lessons fled northward beyond the Caspian Sea and found asylum among the Kirghis nomads and finally achieved their conversion.

The Black or Upland Kirghis still preserve Mongolian features with primitive Tartar speech enriched by many Arabic words—the heritage of their Moslem conversion. They are a middle-sized, square-built race, but with very small hands and feet. Their hair is black and straight and their complexion is swarthy, softening to light brown.

The Kirghis of the lowlands differ slightly from those of the uplands, except that they are lighter in build and have features which, in many cases, are Arabic and even more Caucasian than Mongoloid. Some even have red hair. While the chief occupation of those of the uplands is the raising of sheep, goats, and horned cattle and incidentally

barley and millet, that of the lowlanders is the raising of horses, which they exchange for food and clothing with their kinsmen of the hills. Like the Cossacks, they are almost born in the saddle. Like the Cossacks, too, they pay no taxes and their young men are not obliged to serve in the army. Such service is, therefore, looked upon as a great privilege not lightly to be indulged in.

Travelers have reported the Kirghis to be an honest, trustworthy people, slow to argue but quick to act—particularly on horseback. They take great pride in dispensing the hospitality enjoined by the Koran from their meagre stores, although their abodes are not all that could be desired. They dwell exclusively in the khibitka or yurt, a semi-circular tent consisting of a light wooden framework, with cloth or felt covering. It is usually furnished with a large family clothes chest, felt carpet, wooden bedstead, leather bottles for kumiss, a tea service and a few domestic utensils.

This abode may be easily pitched or struck, but in Summer it is an oven of heat and in Winter an ice house of frigidity.



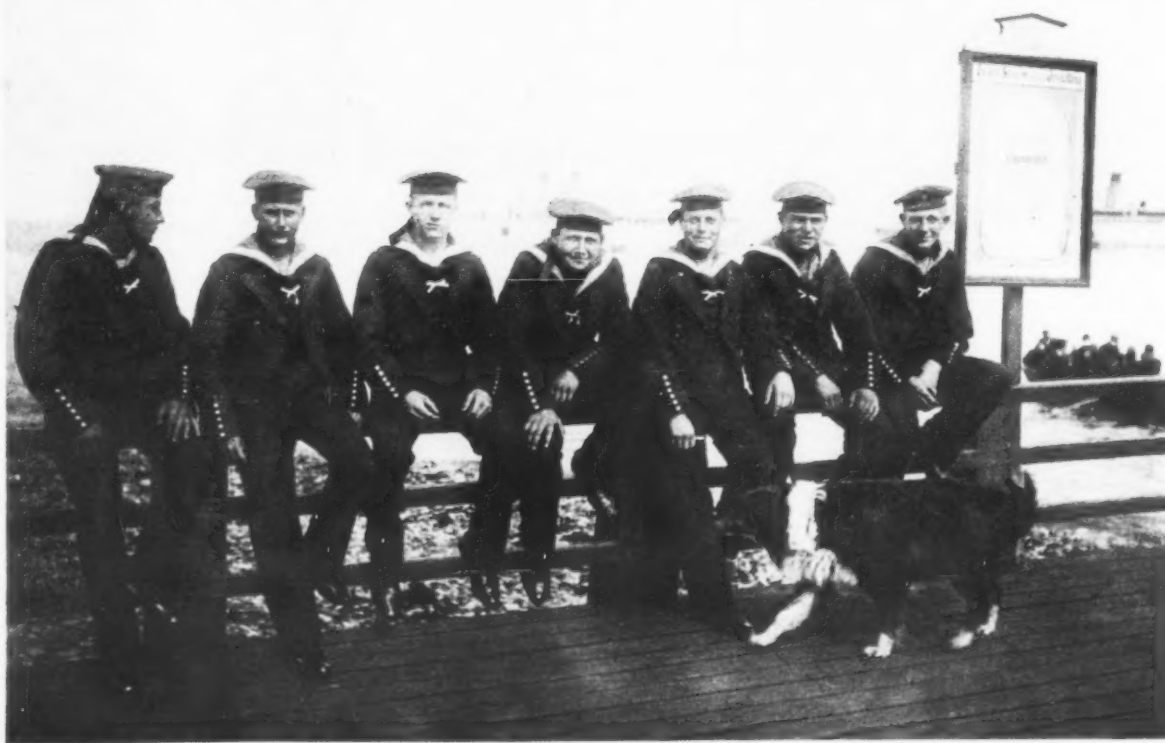
## THE STRANGE VICISSITUDES OF HELIGOLAND, THE GERMAN GIBRALTAR



THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND AS SEEN FROM THE BREAKWATER.  
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



The Recent Removal of the British Guns from Heligoland to Make Way for the Great Krupp Weapons.



GERMAN SAILORS ON SHORE LEAVE AT HELIGOLAND.  
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)

HELIGOLAND, which now as the German Gibraltar bars the way to the naval base of Wilhelmshaven, to the rivers Weser and Elbe, to the Kiel Canal, and to the commercial towns of Bremen, Bremerhaven, Cuxhaven, and Hamburg, has passed through three strange historical periods—geographic, sociologic, and political.

There is a chart in the British Museum which reveals that this island with an area of hardly a square mile and 28 miles from the nearest mainland, in 800, had a circumference of 120 miles, while other records show that erosion and convulsions of nature have deprived the island of land at the rate of 100 square miles every century since. Hence England's parting with it for the African protectorate of Zanzibar and Witu, in 1890, may not have been without a touch of irony on the part of Lord Salisbury, who achieved the bargain.

Heligoland had been ceded to England by Denmark in 1814 and for seventy-six years enjoyed a primitive existence unbroken save for the summer visitors who came to eat lobsters and see the sunsets.

This was the condition of the island in 1890, when its simple, happy people, who spoke Platt-Dutch with a Frisian accent and could read English and almost understand it, came under the rule of Germany. On Aug. 9 of that year the 5,000 inhabitants watched the Union Jack lowered at sunset for the last time.

The trials of the Heligolandians began: Two years were given them in which to declare their nationality; on and after Aug. 10, 1890, all children born on the island were to be considered subjects of the Kaiser and in 1910, the first year which was to produce conscripts, Heligoland was to enter the Customs Union and be taxed \$7,500 per annum. Meanwhile, from a sleepy, primitive fishing village it changed to a place of great activity. An elaborate system of fortifications was built and breakwaters constructed, so that between the island and its neighbor Duenensel a flotilla of naval small craft might lie in safety and behind the island a fleet of battleships might ride out the fiercest storm.

Finally, on Aug. 10, 1914, came the inevitable calamity. The entire population was packed off bag and baggage to Bremen, their cottages on the promontory and their huts beneath the cliffs were razed to the ground and Potato Alley was obliterated for all time.

Since the war began there has been some censure in the English press of Lord Salisbury for allowing such a valuable strategic base go to Germany. It must be remembered, however, that in 1890 Anglo-German relations were most friendly and England's present allies were then her enemies. Besides, the island was never of any particular value to England, and her possession of it at the time of the Morocco imbroglio in 1905 and the Agadir crisis in 1911, particularly had she attempted to strengthen its then antiquated fortifications, would have proved an unsustainable menace to Germany, which might have provoked the great war before its appointed time.



## HOW SWITZERLAND IS SERVING THE BELLIGERENTS



AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.  
French Prisoners Passing Through Geneva Under Swiss Guard.



German Prisoners Entering Switzerland from France on the Way  
Back to Germany.

(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)

SWITZERLAND might more appropriately hold the motto "Ich dien" than the Prince of Wales, for, in spite of her alert and sometimes frowning neutrality, she is serving the causes of humanity in a manner worthy of her little State and of her great people.

"For," writes the Swiss critic, Virgile Rossel, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Lausanne, "if our notions of what constitute right and wrong should differ, we would no longer possess a Swiss spirit, and we would cease to deserve to be, among the torn nations of Europe, the haven of peace and quiet harbor that we are. If we be true to ourselves as we believe ourselves to be the time will come when Switzerland, who has been proving herself impartial and conciliatory, may, after the clash of arms has ceased, hold out the olive branch of peace to the belligerents, which these might not refuse to accept from her friendly hands."

Switzerland has served and is still serving well. Both French and German spies have been obliged to depart from the country, and she has become the principal clearing house for the exchange of prisoners, both civil and military, between France and Germany.

During the first week in March the little republic entertained more than 30,000 French civilians, who were on their way home from the detention camps of Germany, and more than 20,000 wounded French and German prisoners of war, who were to be exchanged.

Such exchanges do not mean the mere signing of documents and the transfer of men from one waiting train to another, but the guarding, housing and feeding of thousands of persons until their individual substitutes arrive. It is no more desirable that the prisoners should escape than that the sick and wounded among them should die. Thus the mobilized Swiss militia has plenty to do aside from watching the passes which lead up from the Vosges to their own Alps.



The Post Office at Geneva, Where the Mail for the Prisoners and Wounded of Both France and Germany Is Forwarded.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



## PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



An Outpost Trench at Craonne Held by the Germans After the Expulsion of the French.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



GERMAN CAVALRY PATROL IN RUSSIAN POLAND CAPTURES TWO RUSSIAN PLUNDERERS.



Colonel Oiopotchine of the Siberian Infantry at a French Aviation Base in the West.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)

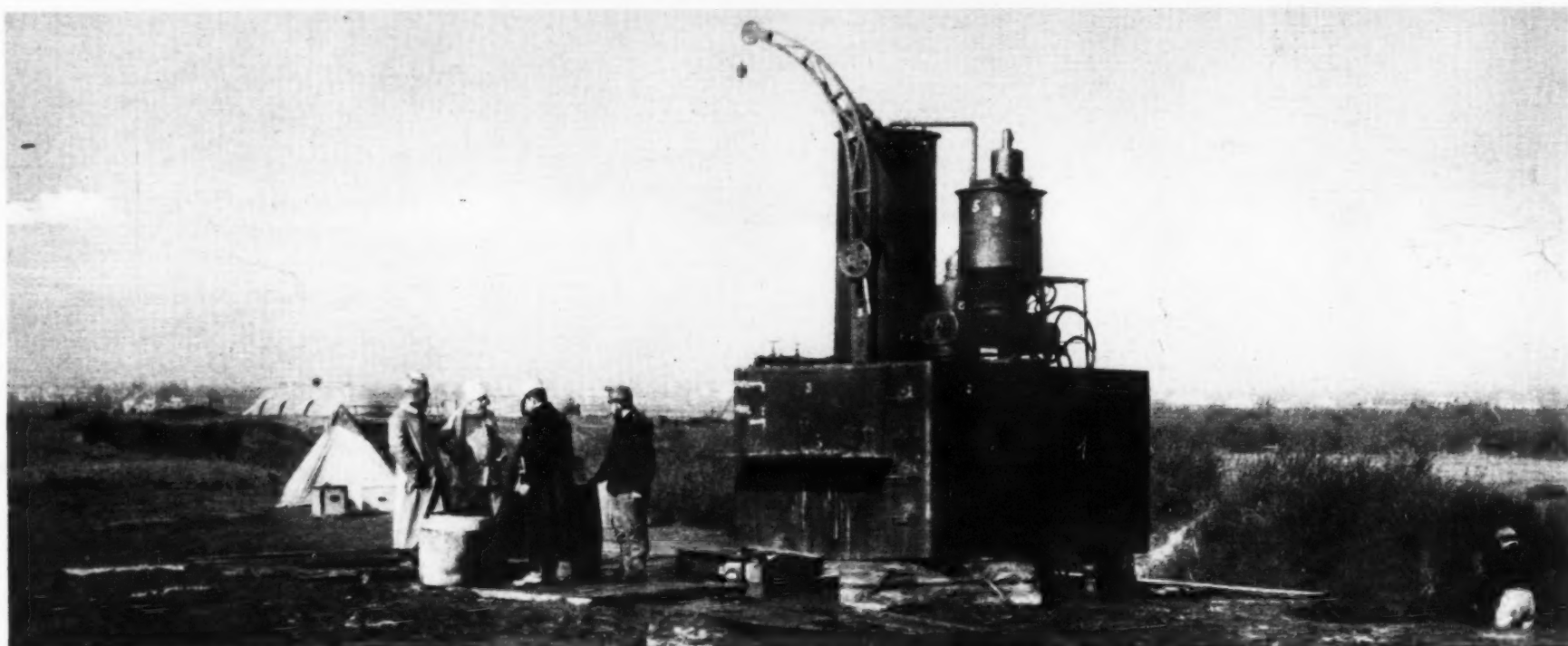


PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



BURYING THE DEAD OF THE 99TH AUSTRIAN INFANTRY IN THE BATTLE TRENCHES  
BEFORE THE FORTRESS OF PRZEMYSL.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



THE DAUGHTER OF ARCHDUKE FREDERICK OF AUSTRIA INSPECTING A BALLOON GAS  
TANK AT THE AERONAUTIC BASE IN PRZEMYSL.



An Austrian Cart Making Slow Progress on a Muddy Road in Russian Poland.

(Photo from Auerbach.)



## PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



Portable Sawmill in the Argonne Region Used by the Germans for Cutting Lumber for Field Huts and Trenches.



Germans at Work in the Portable Sawmill Preparing Lumber for Trench Construction.  
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



A RUSSIAN KITCHEN IN THE FIELD.  
AN AUSTRIAN PRISONER WATCHES THE RUSSIAN COOKS PREPARE A MEAL.  
(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



RUSSIAN COSSACKS DRYING THEIR CLOTHES IN A CITY STREET IN POLAND.



RUSSIAN INFANTRY IN LODZ PASSING THE STATUE OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, THE GREAT POLISH AUTHOR.

(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)



## THE STRUGGLE FOR THE GATE TO ASIA



BROUSSA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF TURKEY, TO WHICH THE SULTAN MOHAMMED V. HAS FLED.



TURKISH FORT CONTROLLING ENTRANCE TO SMYRNA WHICH THE ALLIES HAVE BOMBARDED.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



The Citadel on Mt. Pagus Overlooking the Gulf and the City of Smyrna.



The Harbor and Waterfront of Smyrna, the Busiest Port in Asia Minor.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



# THE CITY OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

CONSTANTINOPLE is not one city, but a collection of cities gathered around the Greek Byzantium, when, in the fourth century, Constantine the Great established his capital at the Golden Horn and called it "New Rome," while his flattering court named it the "Metropolis of Constantine"—Constantinople. Here the Bosphorus is less than 800 yards wide with a ferry crossing to Scutari, an Asiatic suburb of the European metropolis. When the Turks captured the city in 1453 they soon destroyed the undulating character of the sky line by piercing it with the minarets of 379 mosques.

Two striking views are to be had of Constantinople. One is from the Galata Tower, formerly the Tower of Christ, which rises 150 feet high on an eminence above the commercial city of Galata. The other view is from the rising ground of Stamboul, on the opposite side of the channel known as the Golden Horn, which widens as it approaches the Bosphorus—or, in Turkish, Boghaz (the mouth)—so as to form the most beautiful, safest, and largest harbor in the world.

The first view shows the bustling streets of Galata, the bridges that cross to Stamboul, and the shipping which lies between. Beyond the sun sets into this sophisticated west. The second

view gives just as beautiful a scene as the sun rises from the mysterious east. Pera is the foreign quarter of the city where the shops are and the residences of the foreign diplomats. It is quite a modern community and here the police are not allowed to go openly armed or enter a building without a warrant from the authorities. Here in a hotel dwells General Baron von der Goltz, the German military adviser to the Ministry of War, within a stone's throw of the residence of the American Ambassador, Henry Morgenthau, also a German by birth.

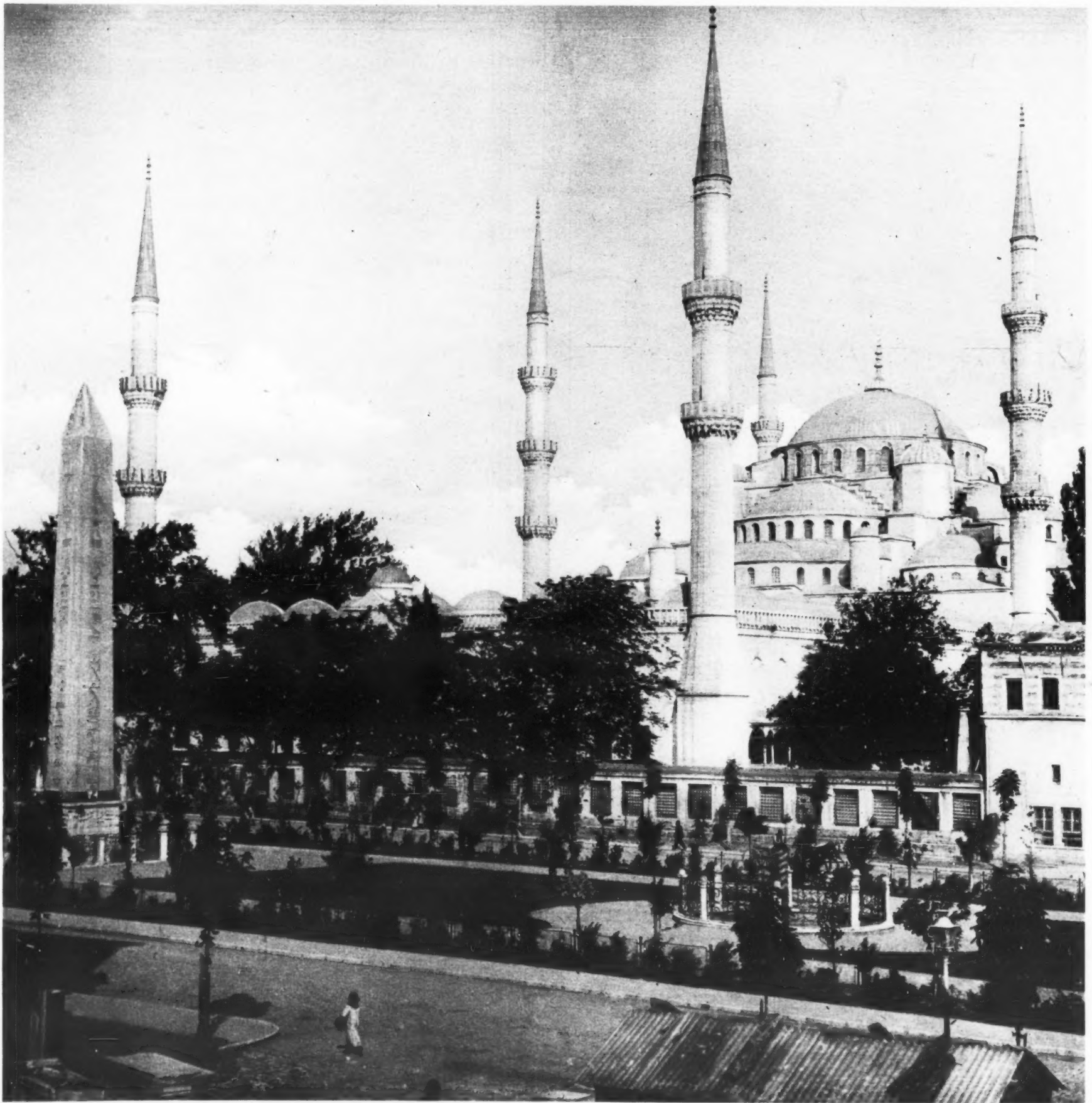
From the high ground of Stamboul the eye again takes in the bridges and the shipping of the Golden Horn, and across the Bosphorus, Scutari. Directly in front are Galata and Pera. On a clear day looking northwest from Stamboul or the Galata Tower the landscape of minarets terminates at the walls of the city, and beyond, at a distance of twenty miles, are the famous Lines of Chatalja, or Boyuk-Chelsmeje, rising above the yellow marshes and lakes beyond, and forming the first line of defense on land.

These earthworks constructed on a natural ridge of hills extend entirely across the peninsula from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. Along this front of 15 miles they offer almost secure pro-

tection to the city. They held back the Russians in 1878 and the Bulgarians in 1911. The r flanks cannot be turned, but the lines may be enfiladed by warships at the extremities, in the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. Military experts have said that if it were not for this a body of 70,000 men with nothing but machine guns could make the lines impregnable.

The life of Stamboul is different from the life of Galata and Pera, for it is a secret life. Here the Turk is at home with his mysterious social life and his enigmatical religion, and here during nearly 500 years has been conducted that still more mysterious and enigmatical diplomacy which has several times set the Powers of civilized Europe at one another's throats or brought confusion and dismay to the chancelleries of the West.

Here, too, may soon be uncovered, like the mosaics on the walls of Saint Sophia, treasures of Byzantine workmanship some of which are known to have suffered little at the repeated restorations and repairs wrought by Greek, Italian, or Armenian artist-slaves or familiars of the Turks. From the Hippodrome to the gardens of the harem there is hardly a stone which will not revive the Byzantine past when once the embargo of the Turk has been removed.



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED AND SQUARE OF THE HIPPODROME IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)





A PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE LOOKING ACROSS THE B  
SCUTARI IS SEEN ACROSS THE B

(Photo from H. Aram)



General d'Amade, French Commander of the Sixth  
Corps, Who Is Said to Have Attacked the Darda-  
nelles Forts by Land With 100,000 Men.



The Narrowest Part of the Bosphorus,  
Looking Toward the





LOOKING ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN FROM PERA.  
THE BOSPORUS AT THE LEFT.

(Photo from H. Aram.)



The Bosphorus, Seven Miles Above Scutari,  
Toward the Black Sea.

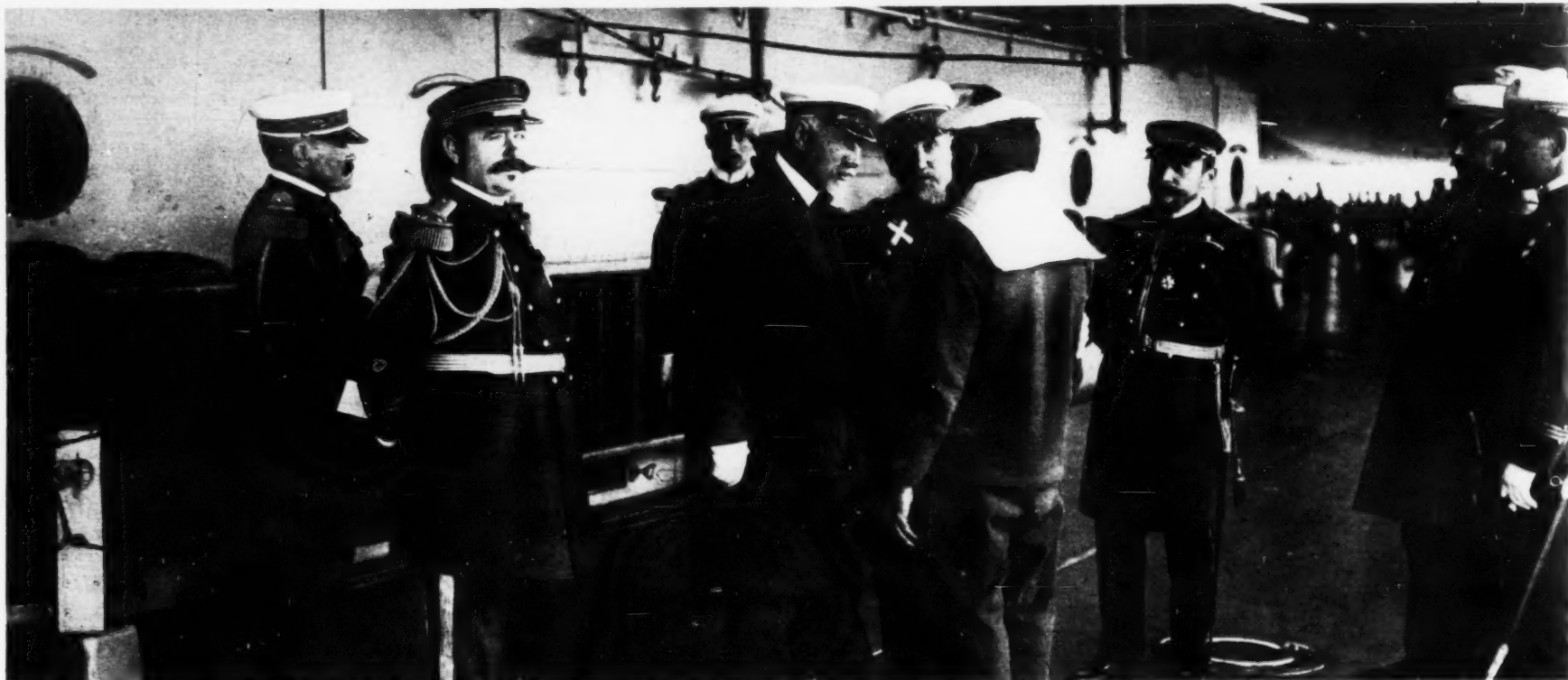


DJEMAL PASHA SELECTED TO DEFEND  
THE DARDANELLES FORTS

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



## THE FIGHT FOR THE CITY OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT



Admiral Boue de Laperriere (X) of the French Mediterranean Fleet Aiding the British at the Dardanelles.  
(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)

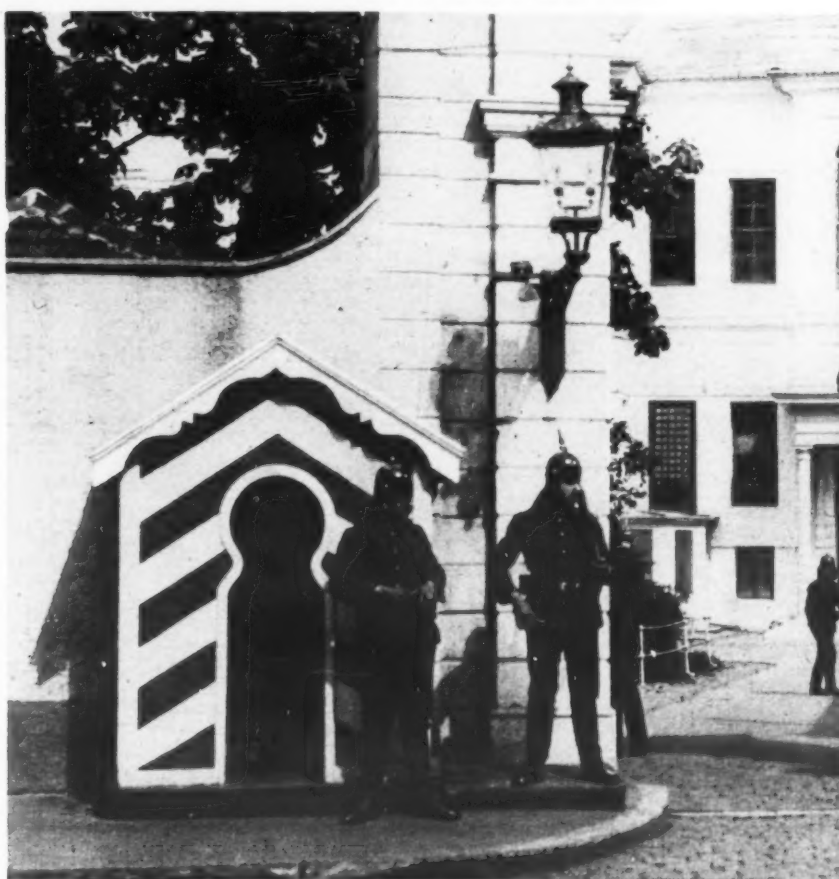


THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP SUFFREN, WHICH BOMBARDED THE SOUAIN DERE AND MOUNT DARDANUS BATTERIES.



The Golden Horn from the Turkish Cemetery at Eyoub, Overlooking Constantinople.

(Photo from Berner.)



Turkish Sentries Guarding the Chamber of Deputies in Constantinople.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



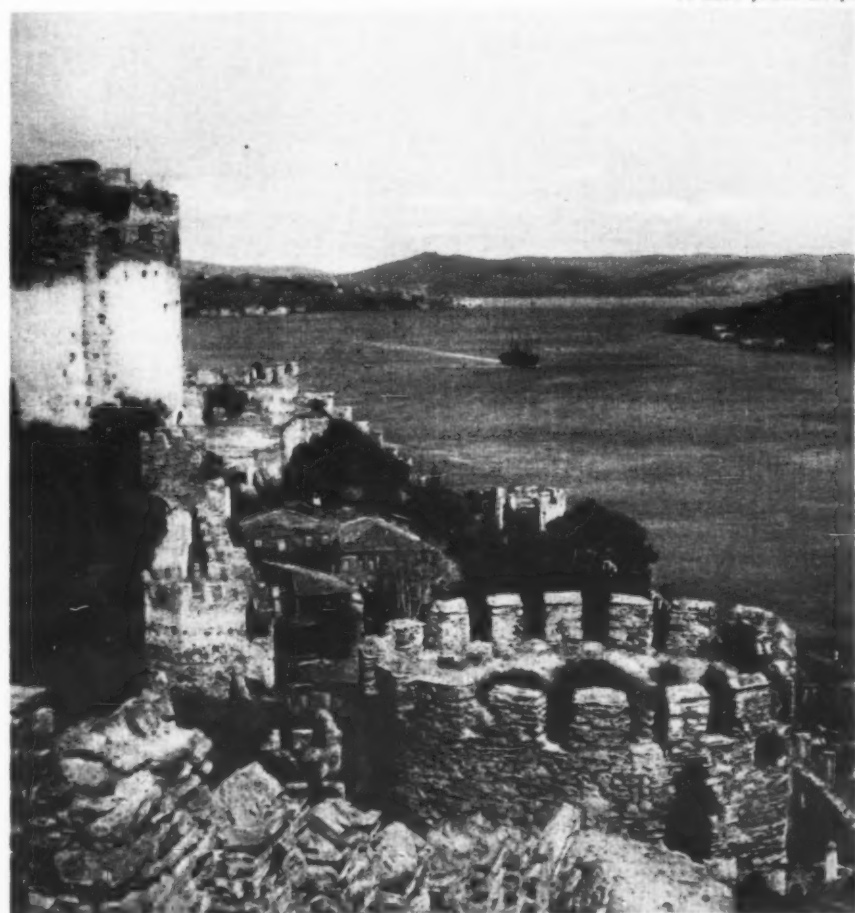
## THE FIGHT FOR THE CITY OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT



TURKISH INFANTRY IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE CONDUCTED BY GERMAN OFFICERS.  
(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



MOHAMMEDAN VOLUNTEERS ASSEMBLING IN STAMBOUL.  
(Photo from Leipziger Press Bureau.)



"Seven Towers," Some of the Turkish Fortifications Guarding Constantinople.  
(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



View From One of the "Seven Towers" Looking Into the Byzantine Citadel Toward the Sea of Marmora.



## SAINT SOPHIA, THE CHURCH OF SACRED WISDOM

**S**AVE for its huge size, there is little to distinguish Saint Sophia, in its exterior aspects, from hundreds of mosques in Moslem cities, but the interior, in spite of its veneer of screens, plaques, and bastard walls bearing mottoes from the Koran, still vaguely suggests its former beauties and hints that some day it may stand free from its barbaric vesture as the most perfect edifice of Byzantine architecture ever erected.

This basilica or mosque takes its name not from any saint in either the Roman or the Greek calendar, but from the Greek phrase "Hagia Sofia," meaning "sacred wisdom." Nor does it rise from the site originally associated with its name where a church was built by Constantine the Great in 335, and several times enlarged and rebuilt until a mob of gladiators laid it low in 532. This site is now occupied by another mosque which bears the identical Greek name of "Hagia Sofia," but it is not the Saint Sophia.

The latter structure is on the rising ground near by and was erected by Justinian, the Emperor of the Eastern Empire from 537 till 544, in expiation of the sacrilege done by the revolting gladiators. It occupies a space of 5,8081 square feet, retreating on to a broad, bare square, and, with its surrounding buildings, save for their minarets, seems stunted in growth. However, the dome which surmounts the structure was raised several feet after the earthquake of 558, which

almost destroyed the building, and now rises 108 feet from the surrounding streets.

The mosque is entered through a double porch 100 feet deep where the worshippers leave their shoes. The interior is still in the form of a Greek cross and here the secret of construction is revealed. The great dome is seen to be supported at the front and back by two great semi-domes, which in their turn rest upon smaller semi-domes supported by four heavy buttresses, which divide the weight of the roof with 107 pillars which in their turn sustain and beautify a gallery with forty pillars below and sixty-seven above. This gallery is now used entirely for women worshippers and in it no man may set his foot.

The designers of the building were Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus, who believed in uniting architecture with theoretical mathematics, as did later the builders of the Italian Renaissance, and not with exact mathematics, as did the Romans and Egyptians, nor yet with the science of optical illusions, as did the Greeks. The very material at the service of the architects lent itself to their conceptions and excited their imagination to new and daring adjustments.

Their material was similar in kind to that which was used in the construction of St. Peter's in Rome and St. Mark's in Venice—blocks, columns, and even sculptured ornaments torn from the pagan temples in the vicinity or at great distance.

For two years 10,000 men worked at cleaning and laying out this material under the eyes of the

masters, who constantly changed their plans as ships brought new treasures from Attica or Magna Graeca; and for five years more 10,000 men put the pagan relics together under the same masterful eyes.

Meanwhile, the makers of mosaics and furniture had been set at work. Artists came from Persia and Egypt and rivaled those from Athens and Rome, adding a variety of form and a brilliancy of color never conceived of before. Thus Byzantine art, a mixture of Graeco-Roman forms softened and varied by Oriental lines and colors, came to be born and in the centuries that followed found new and more subtle expression on the Italian shores of the Adriatic.

It is no wonder that when the great schism came in 1050, which separated the Western Church from the Eastern, the Byzantines declined to give up their beautiful mosaics for the crude images of Rome.

When the Osmanli Turks captured Constantinople in 1453 Saint Sophia became a mosque. Four minarets were erected around the dome and the symbols of Christian worship were covered up, for a True Believer may not destroy the image of God. Only once have they since been revealed; this was in 1847 when the Sultan Abd-ul Medjid ordered an Italian artist to repair the building. This artist made careful copies of all the mosaics and frescoes he found there and then as carefully hid them behind plaster shields.



A Remarkable Photograph of the Interior of Saint Sophia Made From Eight Separate Negatives Cleverly Joined in a Single Print.

(Photo © by Hegger.)

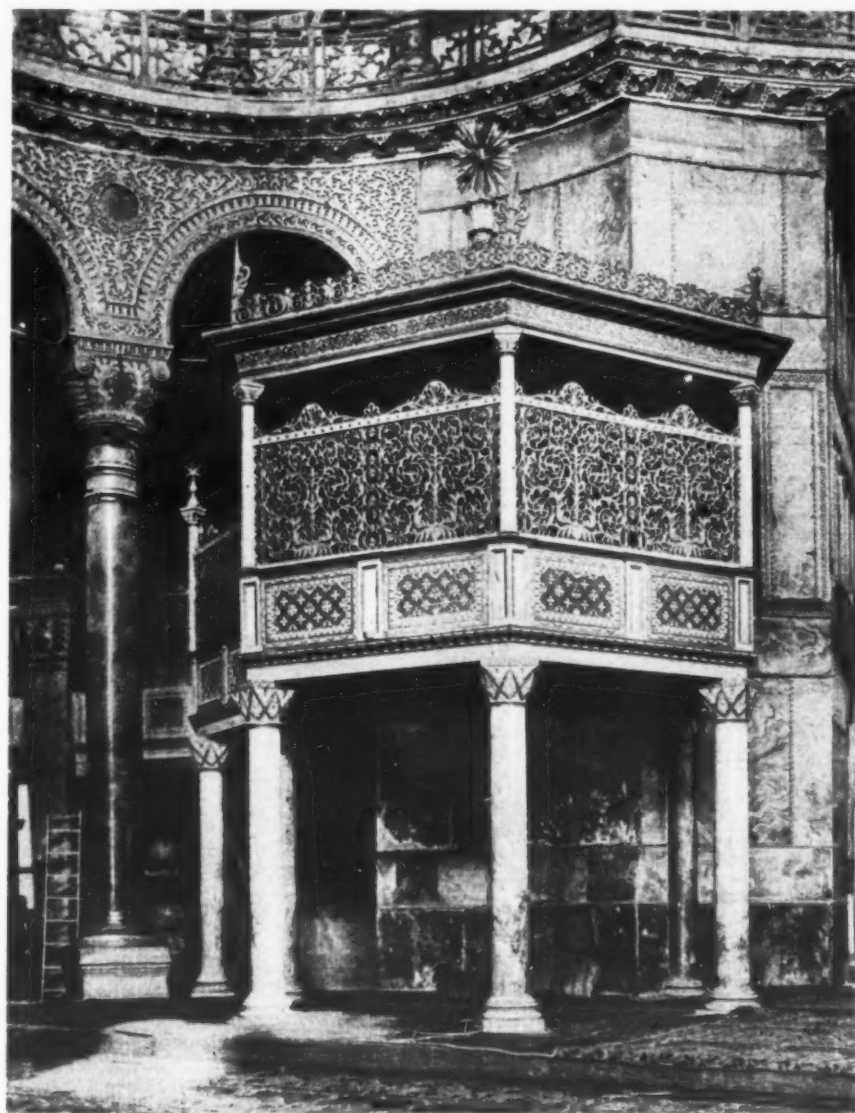


SAINT SOPHIA, THE CHURCH OF SACRED WISDOM



AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF SAINT SOPHIA, THE CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL OF BYZANTIUM, THAT BECAME A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)



A DETAIL OF THE INTERIOR SHOWING THE SULTAN'S PRIVATE PLACE OF WORSHIP.



Sultan Mohammed V., Who Took the Throne on the Deposition of His Brother, Abdul Hamid II. in 1909.

(Photo from Rogers.)



## WOMAN'S WORK FOR THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES

**A**MONG the New York institutions which owe their inspiration and organization to the Great War is one founded by those who have pleasant memories of Poland and another by those who are bound to France by family, social, or artistic ties.

The composition of the first, the Polish Relief Committee, is somewhat difficult, as there are Austrian and Prussian Poles as well as Russian, and even the Polish Legion organized under Austro-Hungarian auspices is now reported to be fighting on the side of the Czar; at least, the men of the Legion who have been taken prisoners hasten to enroll themselves in the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas, trusting to the promise he made on Aug. 15 last that Poland should, after the war, become an autonomous State. All dissensions among the committee have disappeared, however, since a recent Tuesday afternoon, when Mme. Sembrich received there. Mme. Sembrich was born in Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, and was educated in the conservatory of that city amid patriotic Polish surroundings.

The second relief institution to claim the attention of New York society is the Lafayette Fund, which invented the "Lafayette Kit," one of the

most popular methods to advertise for relief of the French soldiers in the trenches. The appeal reads: "The Winter along the Aisne, along a battle line extending 100 miles, in trenches of frozen earth, the men of France and their allies, covered with ice and driven by hail and sleet, are fighting for the ideals of democracy. It is not only shells that kill, but there is suffering from cold and exposure. Will you help relieve that suffering?"

The kit, which may be purchased for \$2 and will be dispatched with the sender's name so that the recipient may regard the gift as personal and individual, is composed of a pair of woolen gloves, of socks, underwear, a muffler and an abdominal belt of the same material; a handkerchief and a cake of soap.

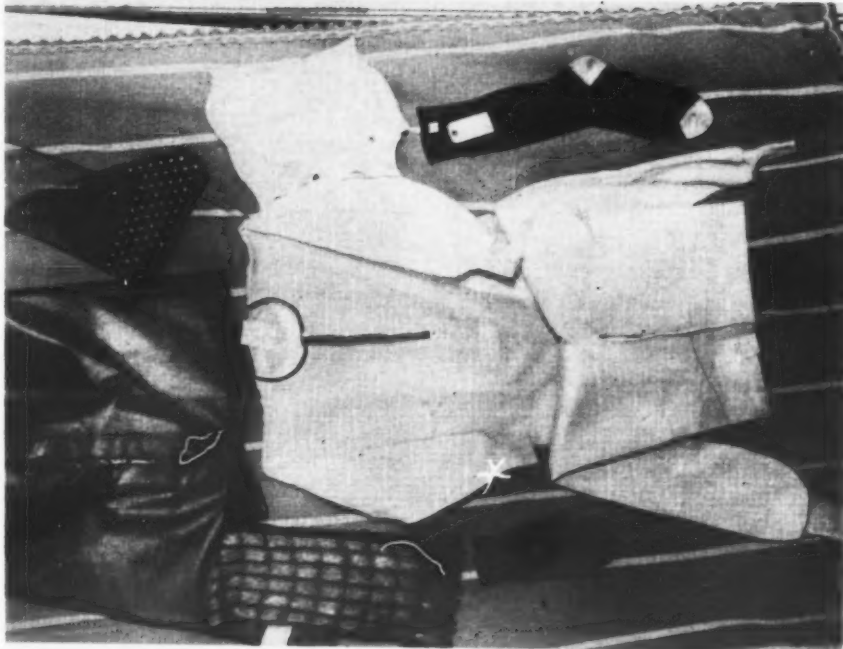
Already three shipments of kits have been sent—one of 12,000, one of 2,000, and one of 3,000. One of these shipments went on the Rochambeau and its loading was supervised by Mrs. William Astor Chanler.

The Lafayette Fund has headquarters at the Vanderbilt Hotel, where about seventy-five society women have also organized a Tuesday afternoon knitting circle. They have already made 500 woolen helmets for the men at the front. Other contributions to the Fund include the anonymous gifts of two tons of smoking tobacco and 1,000,000 packages of cigarettes.



WORKING FOR THE LAFAYETTE KIT FUND.

Mrs. James B. Eustis, Miss Frances Breese (in foreground), Miss Hoyte Wiborg. (In background) Frederick King, Miss Audrey Osborn, Mrs. Osborn, Miss de Acoster, Mrs. Sydney Breese, Miss Janet Scudder, Mrs. Harold Pratt, Miss Olga Wiborg, Miss Margaret Frende, and Miss Eleanor Lamson.



The Lafayette Kit Which Goes to the French Soldiers.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the Famous Soprano, Honored as President of the Polish Relief Committee.



Miss Nona McAdoo, Daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, Sailing on the Lusitania to Serve as a Red Cross Nurse.





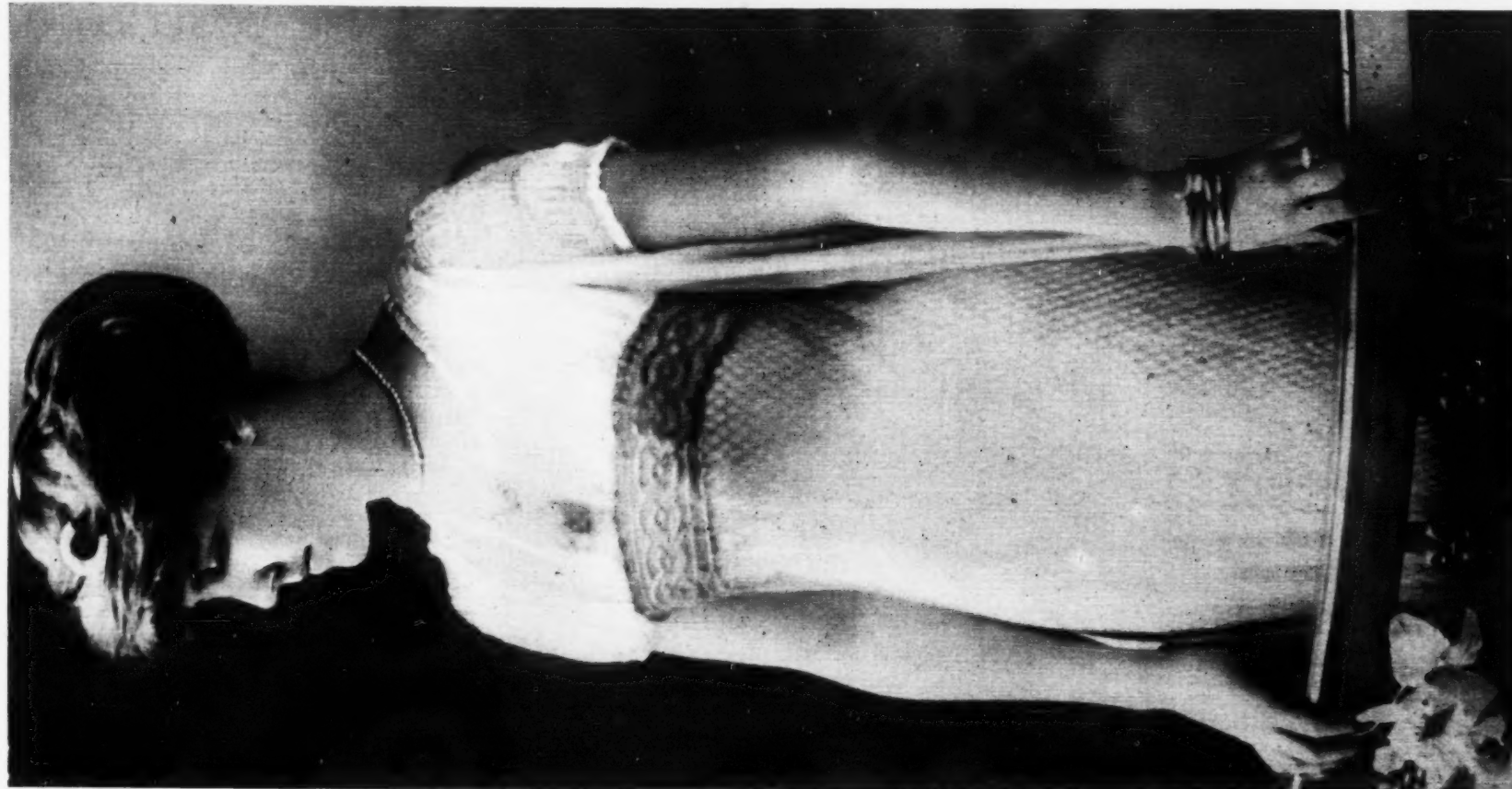
Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson Packing Comfort Kits for the British-American War Relief Fund.  
(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



Mrs. William Astor Chanler Supervising the Shipping of War Relief Kits Aboard the Rochambeau.



Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. John Jacob Astor at the Relief Headquarters in the Hotel Vanderbilt.



Miss Catherine Britton, Who Accompanied Her Chum, Miss Nona McAdoo, to Act as a Nurse in Europe.



## MODERN WARFARE AND THE WAYS OF CAESAR



CARRYING A GERMAN MACHINE GUN TO A POSITION IN THE ADVANCED TRENCHES NEAR RHEIMS.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

A VISITOR to the quarters of a French staff officer the other day is said to have found that officer deep in a volume of "Caesar's Commentaries"—"De Bello Gallico." "Reading for relaxation?" inquired the visitor. "Not at all," was the reply; "just to see how Caesar turned the trick."

This brings conspicuously before the mind two facts: The first is that from the Vosges to beyond the frontiers of Belgium the contending fronts of the armies traverse several of the old Roman's most famous battlefields. The second is that, although modern war engines and the facilities of transportation have changed tactics, the strategy of war remains what it was in Caesar's day.

The victory over Ariovistus was fought between Muelhausen and Cernay; the battle on the Sabis within four miles of Maubeuge; the Battle on the Axona between Guignicourt and Berry-au-Bac, which played such an important part last Fall in the battle of the Aisne; and the siege of Oppidum Aduatucorum exactly covered the site of the siege of Namur in the early days of last August. Moreover, the turning of the German lines northward from a point southeast of Paris on Sept. 6-8 last was done from a base almost identically followed by Caesar's expedition against Lutetia—the ancient Paris.

But that is not all: the intrenchments with which Caesar surrounded Alesia are similar to those now covering the fronts of the opposing armies; and it takes but little imagination to see in the "scorpion" the origin of the modern machine gun; in the "catapult," field artillery; and in the "ballista," the siege howitzer for indirect fire.

Of course, Caesar's trenches around Alesia were broader than those in Flanders and the Argonne, for his tactics required large and concentrated bodies of men to repel an assault, but his "vineae" for the protection of the men, although on rollers, were not essentially different from the bomb-proofs into which the defenders of trenches today retire for rest and refreshment.

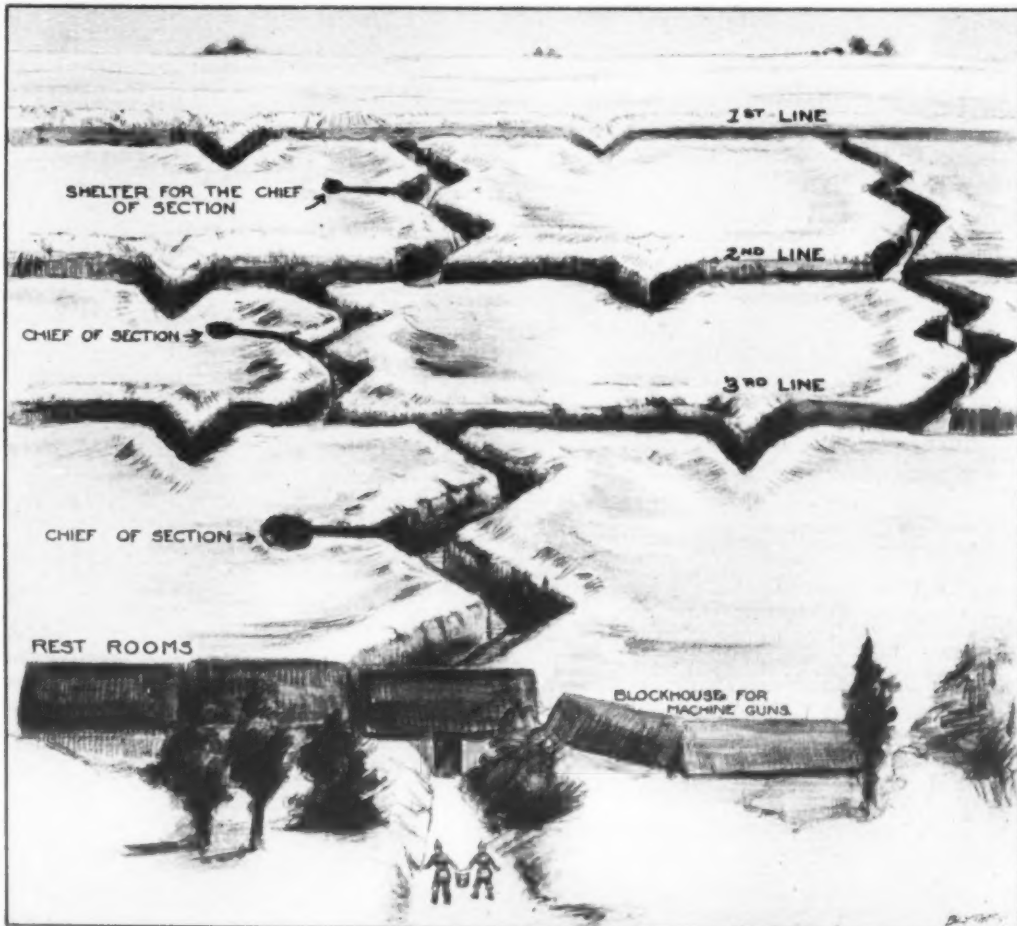
But the resemblance may be carried still further—even into tactics, at least as far as the Germans are concerned, for Ruestow, the celebrated German critic of Caesar, has written:

"The unit in the German line of battle was the solid wedge, the 'cuneus,' so celebrated in the early history of Germany. The different tribes were massed separately. The charge on the field of battle was an impetuous onset in masses."

The use of the "cuneus" in northern France in tireless frontal attacks has accounted for thousands of German dead and wounded. It also accounted for the drive on Paris and the inevitable retraction of that drive when the "impetuous onset" of the "cuneus" had been expended.



Digging a Trench Before Rheims Under the Protection of the Big German Guns in the Rear.



A Diagram Showing the Arrangement of the German Trenches.



## DEFENDING THE LITTLE VILLAGES OF THE CHAMPAGNE

WHILE westward the fighting waxes or wanes over the trenches, in the old province of Champagne around Rheims it is a combat for the possession of villages. The names of these villages, to be found nowhere in foreign books of reference outside the chronicles of the Hundred Years' War, are now suddenly reappearing in the dispatches from the western theatre in disconcerting profusion. The constant shelling of Rheims and the battle of Soissons, and the vast masses of men Germany sacrificed in capturing the fortified triangle—Laon-La Fère-Rheims—during their first plunge into France indicate, but do not explain, the strategic importance of this ancient province and the fighting that is taking place almost daily in the neighboring villages, where barricades, barbed wire fences, and piles of farm implements take the place of the trenches on the war front stretching northward and westward.

In these little villages is the key to Lorraine and the French possession of them would mean a falling back of the German lines now menacing the barrier forts from Verdun to Toul and relieve a drive against Metz of all danger of the left flank of the invaders being turned. Of all northern rural France—the country which is now occupied by the Departments of Ardennes, Marne, Aube, and Haute Marne, with part of Aisne, Seine-et-Marne, Yonne, and Meuse—the villages of Champagne preserve more mediaeval charm and quaintness than any others. The name of the ancient province, which for a long period of its romantic history was a Countship, is derived from the immense rolling plains—"campaniae"—near Rheims, Châlons and Troyes.

The Counts of the House of Blois, who ruled the country from 1020 until 1314, when the last independent holder of the title became a King, gave old France some of her greatest soldiers, writers, adventurers, and the subtle, elusive tropes of her speech. Odo I. fearlessly fought the Emperor Conrad and Odo II. took part with William of Normandy in the conquest of England. Theobald III. invented the modern form of French poetry. Another Theobald married the daughter of King Louis VII. and took her on a crusade for a honeymoon, and their eldest son became King of Jerusalem. Many other Counts of Champagne took part in the Crusades, but the greatest adventurer of all was Theobald IV., who pledged his Countship for the love of a Queen and whose romantic songs still form one of the treasures of French literature.



A STREET BARRICADE IN THE FRENCH TOWN OF LAON, NOW HELD BY THE GERMANS.



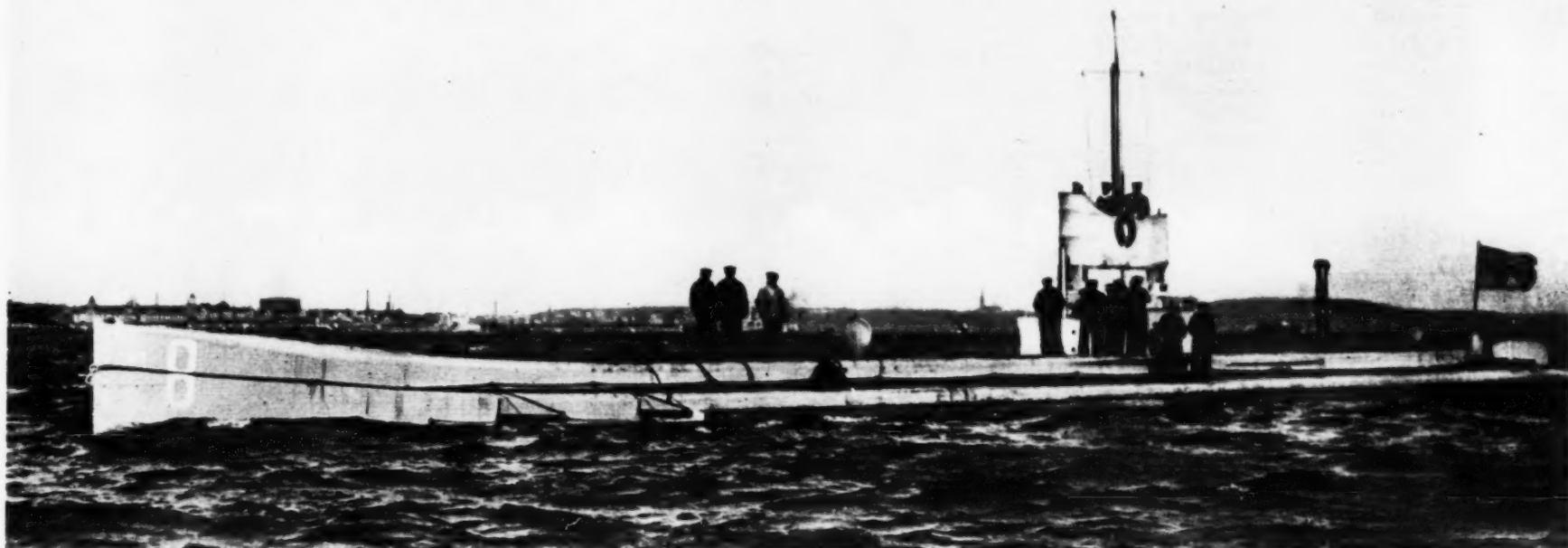
A Field Sown With Mines and Barbed Wire Entanglements Taken By Successful German Attack Near Craonne.



NETWORK OF BARBED WIRE AND STREET BARRICADE AT THE APPROACH TO CRAONNE, NOW HELD BY THE GERMANS.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)





THE GERMAN SUBMARINE U-8, SUNK BY BRITISH DESTROYERS. THE CAPTURED CREW MAY BE TRIED AS PIRATES.

(Photo from George Grantham Bain.)



Reverend Dr. Goens, the Private Chaplain with the Kaiser at the Front.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



Turkish and German Commanders of Turkey's Navy. Admiral Souchon in the Centre, Enver Pasha as Naval Commander at the Left.



Pierre Braun, the Youngest Belgian Aviator and His Patent Device for Dropping Flechettes.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)





Oswald Kahnt, a Famous German Airman, Killed While Scouting Over the French Lines.  
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



The Beautiful Church at Soissons, Which Suffered Severely from Many Bombardments.  
(Photo from Morhange.)



The Daughters of Prime Minister Pashich of Serbia, Who Are Serving with the Serbian Red Cross.  
(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)

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THE RUINS OF A SUGAR FACTORY AT CERNAY DESTROYED BY THE  
BRITISH BOMBARDMENT.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)